The Easy Way to Have Your Prayers Answered by Allah

I asked a white-bearded elder a question:
"What is the best way to get Allah to fulfill one's prayer?"
He smiled, turned to face the Qiblah, tucked his legs beneath him, shifted his entire weight onto his thighs, and asked me:
"What do you want from Allah?"
We were both sitting in a forest at the time. The weather was suffocatingly hot and humid—it was difficult even to breathe. I looked up; above us were the leaves of the trees, and beyond those leaves was the hot, melting sun. I smiled and replied:
"If clouds were to gather and a cool breeze started blowing, the weather would become pleasant."
He laughed and softly said, "Watch." After that, while still sitting, he bowed down into Ruku (ruku-like posture) and began praying in the Punjabi language:
"Allah Ji! Accept the prayer of this child. Allah Ji! Please listen to us."
He kept praying and wept continuously. First, his eyelashes grew moist, then sounds of sobbing came from his mouth, and then his eyes began to pour tears like rain. He was weeping profusely.
Seeing his state, I felt anxious. I had seen countless people cry in my life, but his weeping was peculiar.
He was crying in a distinct rhythm: a sob would emerge from his throat, followed by a burst of tears from his eyes, which then formed a soft refrain of "Allah Ji! Please listen to us."
I watched him with a mix of worry, astonishment, and awe. As he kept praying, weeping, and sobbing, I witnessed a strange sight.
I began to feel the air turning cool. The hot sun was still shining in the sky, but the chill in the forest's breeze was steadily increasing. The sweat on my forehead, head, and neck dried up; the droplets trickling down my chest and back disappeared. I could feel the cool air and was filled with wonder. Right before my eyes, the leaves began to clap, the branches intertwined with one another, the plants started dancing to the music of the wind, and then a patch of cloud appeared out of nowhere and hovered right between the sun and our heads. He stopped, raised his hands in supplication, and began expressing his gratitude.
For a long time, he kept saying, "Allah Ji! Thank you so much. Allah Ji! You are most kind."
Having finished his prayer, he shifted slightly upward, straightened his legs, and turned to face me. His white beard was wet with tears. Taking a handkerchief from his shoulder, he dried his beard and said:
"See! Allah has accepted the request of both His servants."
I held his hand, kissed it, and asked, "Baba Ji, but what is the formula to get Allah to answer your prayers? When, how, and what does Allah grant?"
He smiled, placed both index fingers over his eyes, and said:
"These two eyes are the formula."
I looked at him in silence. He continued:

"I learned this formula from my mother. Whenever I wanted my mother to grant something in my childhood, I would start crying. My mother could not bear to see me cry—she would be moved with emotion. She would pick me up in her arms, kiss me, wipe my tears, and fulfill my desire or need. I used to take full advantage of this weakness of my mother. By crying, I would get her to cook my favorite dishes, buy me new clothes and shoes, and let me go outside to play."
He paused, and then softly added:
"When I began learning the Quran from our village cleric, he mentioned one day: 'Allah loves a person more than seventy mothers combined.'
That sentence hit me right in the heart, and I thought: If I can get everything I want from my single mother by crying, and Allah loves me seventy times more than a mother, then what can I not get from Him by crying?"
He paused again and said:
"That was the day, and here is today. I cry, awaken the love of seventy mothers in Allah's Divine Being, and every single desire and prayer of mine gets accepted!”